

And makes him sore these Accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good.

Gloſt. As good?

Thou Bastard of my Grandfather.

Winch. I, Lordly Sir: for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in anothers Throne?

Gloſt. Am I not Protector, sawie Priest?

Winch. And am not I a Prelate of the Church?

Gloſt. Yes, as an Out-law in a Castle keeps,
And vseth it, to patronage his Theft.

Winch. Vnreuerent *Gloſt.*

Gloſt. Thou art reuerent,
Touching thy Spirituall Function, not thy Life.

Winch. Rome shall remedie this,

Warw. Roame thither then.

My Lord, it were your dutie to forbear.

Som. I see the Bishop be not ouer-borne:

Me thinks my Lord should be Religious,
And know the Office that belongs to such.

Warw. Me thinks his Lordship should be humbler,
It fitteth not a Prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy State is toucht so neere.

Warw. State holy, or vnhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his Grace Protector to the King?

Rich. *Plantagenet* I see must hold his tongue,
Least it be said, Speake Sirha when you should:
Must your bold Verdict enter talke with Lords?

Else would I have a sling at *Wincheſter*.

King. Vnckles of *Gloſter*, and of *Wincheſter*,
The speciall Watch-men of our English Weale,
I would preuayle, if Prayers might preuayle,
To ioyne your hearts in loue and amitie.
Oh, what a Scandall is it to our Crowne,
That two such Noble Peeres as ye should iarre?
Beleeue me, Lords, my tender yeeres can tell,
Ciuill dissention is a viperous Worme,
That gnawes the Bowels of the Common-wealth.

*A noyse within, Downe with the
Tawny-Coats.*

King. What tumult's this?

Warw. An Vpore, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the Bishops men.

A noyse againe, Stones, Stones.

Enter Maior.

Maior. Oh my good Lords, and vertuous *Henry*,
Pitty the Citie of London, pittie vs:
The Bishop, and the Duke of *Glosters* men,
Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,
Haue fill'd their Pockets full of peeble stones;
And banding themselves in contrary parts,
Doe pelt so fast at one anothers Pate,
That many haue their giddy braynes knockt out:
Our Windowes are broke downe in euery Street,
And we, for feare, compell'd to shut our Shops.

Enter in skirmish with bloody Pates.

King. We charge you, on allegiance to our selfe,
To hold your slaughtering hands, and keepe the Peace:
Pray Vnckle *Gloſter* mitigate this strife.

1. Seruing. Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, wee'le fall
to it with our Teeth,

2. Seruing. Doe what ye dare, we are as resolute.

Skirmish againe.

Gloſt. You of my household, leaue this peeuish broyle,
And set this vnaccustom'd fight aside.

3. Seru. My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Iust, and vpriight; and for your Royall Birth,
Inferior to none, but to his Maieſtie:
And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,
So kinde a Father of the Common-weale,
To be disgraced by an Inke-horne Mate,
Wee and our Wiues and Children all will fight,
And haue our bodyes slaughtered by thy foes.

1. Seru. I, and the very parings of our Nayles
Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.

Begin againe.

Gloſt. Stay, stay, I say:

And if you loue me, as you say you doe,
Let me perswade you to forbear a while.

King. Oh, how this discord doth afflict my Soule,
Can you, my Lord of *Wincheſter*, behold
My sighes and teares, and will not once relent?
Who should be pittifull, if you be not?
Or who should study to preſerre a Peace,
If holy Church-men take delight in broyles?

Warw. Yeeld my Lord Protector, yeeld *Wincheſter*,
Except you meane with obstinate repulse
To slay your Soueraigne, and destroy the Realme,
You see what Mischeife, and what Murther too,
Hath bene enacted through your enmitie:
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Winch. He shall submit, or I will neuer yeeld.

Gloſt. Compassion on the King commands me stoupe,
Or I would see his heart out, ere the Priest
Should euer get that priuiledge of me.

Warw. Behold my Lord of *Wincheſter*, the Duke
Hath banisht moodie discontented fury,
As by his smoothen Browes it doth appeare:
Why looke you full so sterne, and tragicall?

Gloſt. Here *Wincheſter*, I offer thee my Hand.

King. Fic Vnckle *Beauford*, I haue heard you preach,
That Mallice was a great and grieuous sinne:
And will not you maintaine the thing you teach?
But proue a chiefe offender in the same.

Warw. Sweet King: the Bishop hath a kindly gyrd:
For shame my Lord of *Wincheſter* relent;
What shall a Child instruct you what to doe?

Winch. Well, Duke of *Gloſter*, I will yeeld to thee
Loue for thy Loue, and Hand for Hand I giue.

Gloſt. I, but I feare me with a hollow Heart,
See here my Friends and louing Countreymen,
This token serueth for a Flagge of Truce,
Betwixt our selues, and all our followers:
So helpe me God, as I dissemble not.

Winch. So helpe me God, as I intend it not.

King. Oh louing Vnckle, kinde Duke of *Gloſter*,
How ioyfull am I made by this Contrast.

Away my Masters, trouble vs no more,
But ioyne in friendship, as your Lords haue done.

1. Seru. Content, Ile to the Surgeons.

2. Seru. And so will I.

3. Seru. And I will see what Physick the *Tauerne* af-
fords.

Exeunt.

Warw. Accept this Scrowle, most gracious Soueraigne,
Which in the Right of *Richard Plantagenet*,
We doe exhibite to your Maieſtie.

Glo. Well vrg'd, my Lord of *Warwick*: for sweet Prince,
And if your Grace marke euery circumstance,
You haue great reason to doe *Richard* right,
Especially for those occasions
At *Eltram Place* I told your Maieſtie.

King. And

King. And those occasions, Vnckle, were of force:
Therefore my louing Lords, our pleasure is,
That *Richard* be restored to his Blood.

Warw. Let *Richard* be restored to his Blood,

So shall his Fathers wrongs be recompenc't.

Winch. As will the rest, so willett *Wincheſter*.

King. If *Richard* will be true, not that all alone,

But all the whole Inheritance I giue,

That doth belong vnto the House of *Torke*,

From whence you spring, by Lineall Descent.

Rich. Thy humble seruant vowes obedience,

And humble seruite, till the point of death.

King. Stoope then, and set your Knee against my Foot,

And in requerdon of that dutie done,

I gytt thee with the valiant Sword of *Torke*:

Rich. Like a true *Plantagenet*,

And rise created Princely Duke of *Torke*.

Rich. And so thrise *Richard*, as thy foes may fall,

And as my dutie springs, so perish they,

That grudge one thought against your Maieſty.

Rich. Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of *Torke*.

Som. Perish base Prince, ignoble Duke of *Torke*.

Gloſt. Now will it best auaille your Maieſtie,

To crosse the Seas, and to be Crown'd in France:

The presence of a King engenders loue
Amongst his Subiects, and his loyall Friends,

As it dis-animates his Enemies.

King. When *Gloſter* sayes the word, *King Henry* goes,

For friendly counsaile cuts off many Foes.

Gloſt. Your Ships alreadie are in readinesse.

Senet. Flourish. *Exeunt.*

Manet Exeter.

Exet. I, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue:

This late dissention growne betwixt the Peeres,
Burnes vnder fained ashes of forg'd loue,

And will at last breake out into a flame,

As festered members rot: but by degree,

Till bones and flesh and sinewes fall away,

So will this base and enuious discord breed.

And now I feare that fatall Prophecie,

Which in the time of *Henry*, nam'd the Fifth,

Was in the mouth of euery lucking Babe,

That *Henry* borne at *Monmouth* should winne all,

And *Henry* borne at *Windſor*, loose all:

Which is so plaine, that *Exeter* doth wish,

His dayes may finish, ere that haplesse time.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Pucell disguised, with foure Souldiers with
Sacks upon their backs.*

Pucell. These are the Citie Gates, the Gates of *Roan*,
Through which our Pollicy must make a breach.

Take heed, be wary how you place your words,

Talke like the vulgar sort of Market men,

That come to gather Money for their Corne.

If we haue entrance, as I hope we shall,

And that we finde the slouthfull Watch but weake,

Ile by a signe giue notice to our friends,

That *Charles* the Dolphin may encounter them.

Souldier. Our Sacks shall
And we be Lords and Rulers
Therefore wee'le knock.

Watch. Che la.

Pucell. *Peasans la pouure*

Poore Market folkes that co

Watch. Enter, goe in, the

Pucell. Now Roan, Ile f

ground.

Enter Charles, Ba

Charles. Saint Dennis bleſs

And once againe wee'le sleep

Bastard. Here entred *Puc*

Now she is there, how will sh

Here is the best and safest pa

Reig. By thrusting out a T

Which once discern'd, shewe

No way to that (for weaknes

Enter Pucell on the

Torch b

Pucell. Behold, this is the

That ioyneeth *Roan* vnto her

But burning fatall to the *Tal*

Bastard. See Noble *Charl*

The burning Torch in yonde

Charles. Now shine it like

A Prophet to the fall of all o

Reig. Deferre no time, del

Enter and cry, the Dolphin,

And then doe execution on t

An Alarm. *Talb*

Talb. France, thou shalt rue

If *Talbot* but suruiue thy Tr

Pucell. That Witch, that damn

Hath wrought this Hellish M

That hardly we escap't the P

An Alarm. *Exeunt*

in sickle in a

Enter Talbot and Burgon

Charles, Bastard, and

Pucell. God morrow *Galla*

I thinke the Duke of *Burgo*

Before hee'le buy againe at f

'Twas full of *Darnell*: doe y

Burg. Scoffe on vile *Fien*

I trust ere long to choake th

And make thee curse the *Har*

Charles. Your Grace may

time.

Bedf. Oh let no words, bu

son.

Pucell. What will you doe

Breake a Lance, and runne

Within a Chayre.

Talb. Foule Fiend of *Fr*

Incompas'd with thy lustful

Becomes it thee to taunt his

And twit with Cowardise a

Damsell, Ile haue a bowt wi

Or else let *Talbot* perish wit

Pucell. Are ye so hot, Sir:

If *Talbot* doe but Thunder,

They whi

God speed the Parliament: